

C. B. Coulter.
The New
**CANADIAN
SONG SERIES**

CRINGAN - MARSHALL

BOOK II





THE NEW CANADIAN SONG SERIES

BASED ON
THE SYLLABUS OF MUSIC
FOR PUBLIC AND MODEL SCHOOLS
ISSUED BY
THE ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

BY
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under the Auspices of
The Ontario Department of Education*

BOOK II

With the Approval of the Minister of Education this Book may be used as a
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Handwritten signature or initials, possibly "J. P."

A long, horizontal, slightly curved line, possibly a signature or a decorative flourish.

New Canadian Song Series

Autumn Leaves

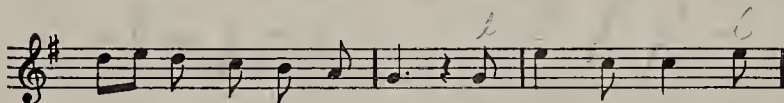
Eula G. Lincoln

German Folk Song

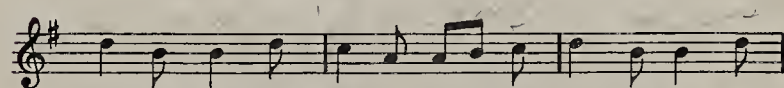
126



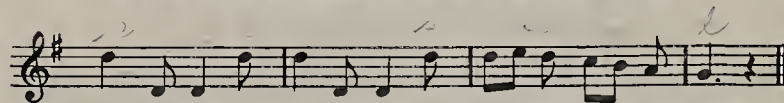
The leaves have turned from green to gold And



red and or-ange and brown, When - ev - er gen - tle



breez-es blow, They come a danc - ing, danc-ing down, Tra



la la la, tra la la la, They come a - danc - ing down.

2

I watch them floating in the brook,
And make believe they're ships,
With fairy crews and precious loads
On long and dangerous trips.

3

I like the little leaves of spring,
They're green and fresh and bright,
But autumn leaves in colours gay
Are such a pretty sight.

Wood Fairies

Cora Curtis Long

Rote Song

P. G. M.

127

Now all the wood-land fair-y folk Are
 hap-py as can be; They're play-ing in the
 branch-es high Of ev-'ry tree you see; They
 hur-ry up, they scur-ry up, And when they're near the top, They
 take a hand-y par-a-chute, Then down they gay-ly drop.

They hurry here, they scurry there,
 They skim and float and slide;
 They have the very greatest fun,
 Whenever they collide.
 All through the bright October days
 Their merry frolics last;
 But people look and only say,
 "The leaves are falling fast."

The Song of the Rain

F. D. Allen

128

To the great brown house where the
 flow - ers dwell, came the rain with its tap, tap,
 tap; And whis - pered "Vio - let,
 Snow-drop, Rose, Your pret - ty eyes you must
 now un - ciose from your long, long, win - try
 nap ——— From your long, long, win - try
 nap." Said the rain with its tap, tap, tap.

2. From the doors they peeped with a timid grace,
 Just to answer this tap, tap, tap;
 Miss Snowdrop courtesied a sweet "Good-day,"
 Then all came nodding their heads so gay,
 And they said, "We've had our nap;
 Thank you, rain, for your tap, tap, tap."

The Leaflet

129

Sweetly

The musical score is written on six staves in G major (one sharp) and 8/8 time. The tempo is marked 'Sweetly'. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes various musical notations such as treble clefs, key signatures, time signatures, and dynamic markings like 'pprall.' and 'a tempo'. The lyrics are: 'I'm on - ly a lit - tle red leaf - let, Come down from my home in the tree, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, O, I am so hap - py and free; The old ma - ple tree is my moth - er, I've sis - ters and brothers up there, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, a tempo la, la, la, They rus - tle and dance in the air.'

2. The red robins sang for us daily,
Far up in the big shady tree,
Tra la la la la la la la,
The baby birds sing we, we, we;
The bright warm sun loved us so dearly,
And shone for us every day,
Oo
The breeze whispered, "Come out and play."
- 3 I wanted to come down and see you,
The breeze brought me here on its wing;
I'll never again live up yonder,
Green leaves will be there in the Spring.
I'm only a little red leaflet,
Come down from my home in the tree,
Tra la la la la la la la,
O I am so happy and free.

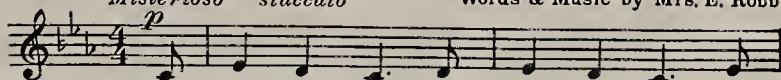
A Hallow-e'en Song

Rote Song

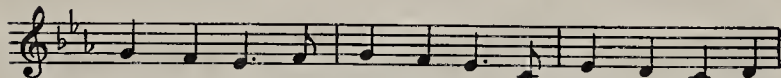
130

Misterioso staccato

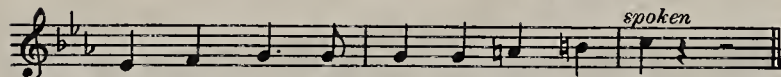
Words & Music by Mrs. E. Robb



1. 'Tis Hal - low - e'en, the lamp is lit, And
 2. We will not go to bed till morn, We're
 3. And Jane's a witch, And Tom's a sprite, And



'round the fire we chil-dren sit, A - tell - ing ghost tales
 roast - ing chest-nuts, pop-ping corn, And laugh-ing till our
 Jim's a ghost who walks at night, A big black cat blows
very slow

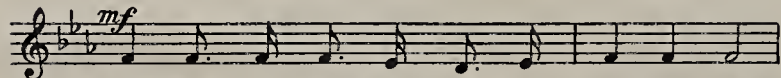


bit by bit, 'Till sis - ter Jane says "Hush!"
 sides are torn, 'Till sis - ter Jane says "Hush!"
 out the light, And sis - ter Jane says "Hush!"
tempo

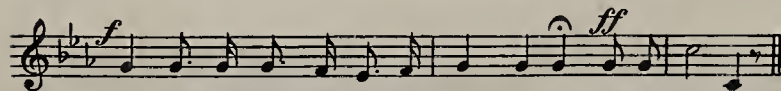
REFRAIN



What's that a - peep - ing 'round the kitch - en door?



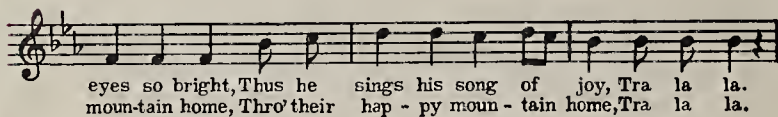
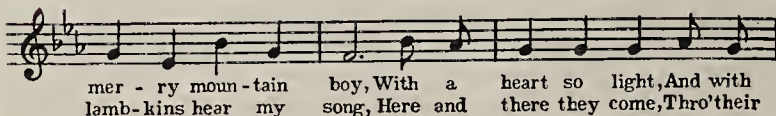
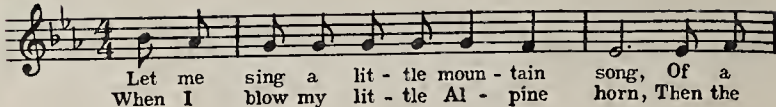
What's that a - sneak - ing 'cross the bed-room floor?



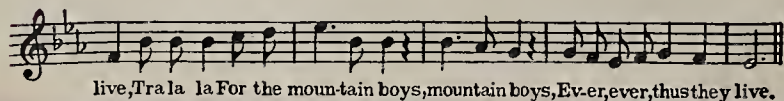
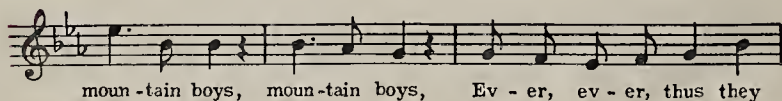
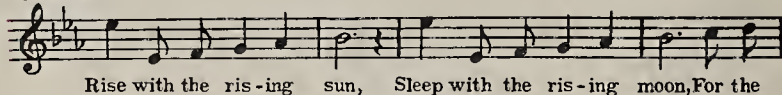
What's that a-squeak-ing like his throat is sore? It's a Gob-lin!

The Mountain Boy

131



CHORUS

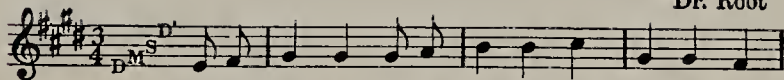


NEW CANADIAN SONG SERIES

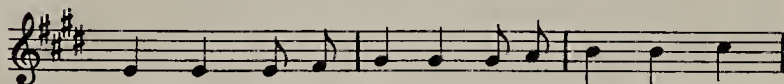
When He Cometh

132

Dr. Root

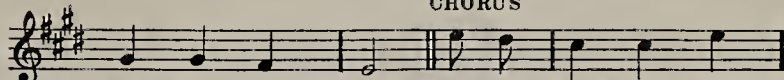


When He com - eth, when He com - eth to make up His

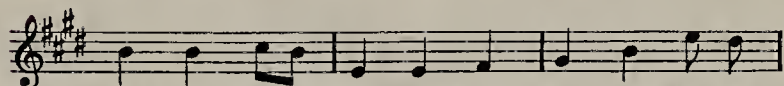


jew els, All His jew els, precious jew - els, His

CHORUS



loved and His own, Like the stars of the



morn - ing, His bright crown a - dorn ing, They shall



shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.

2. He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

3. Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

A Merry Lad the Farmer's Boy

F. A. Filmore

133 *Lively Beating twice*

A mer - ry lad the farm - er's boy, Con -
 A health - y lad the farm - er's boy, So
 tent - ed gay and free; He ris - es at the
 hale and heart - y too; He la - bours hard, he
 break of day, And sings quite cheer - i - ly.
 la - bours long, His i - dle mo - ments few.

3. A merry lad, the farmer's boy,
 A healthy lad is he;
 As fine a man he'll surely make,
 As you may wish to see.

4. A fine young man, the farmer's lad
 Will make when he is grown,
 For honest, upright, manly ways
 Through all the country known.

I Saw Three Ships

Old Song

134 Anonymous

I saw three ships come sail - ing by,
 And what do you think was on the ships,
 Sail - ing by, Sail - ing by; I saw three ships come
 On the ships, on the ships; And what do you think was
 sail - ing by, On New Year's day in the morn - ing.
 on the ships, On New Year's day in the morn - ing?

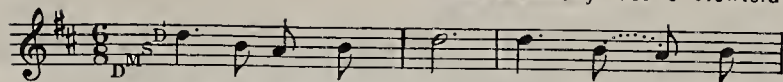
3. Three pretty girls were on the ships,
 On the ships, on the ships;
 Three pretty girls were on the ships,
 On New Year's day in the morning.

4. And one could whistle and one could sing,
 The other could play the violin;
 Such joy there was at my wedding,
 On New Year's day in the morning.

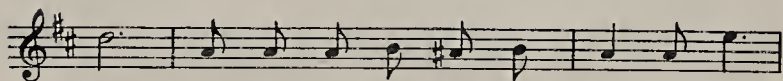
Jack Frost

135

Words & Music by Thos. J. Crawford



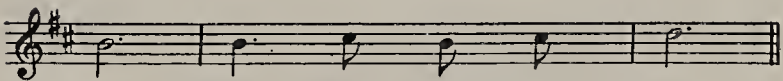
I'm lit-tle Jack Frost, Just naugh - ty Jack
 Poor lit-tle Jack Frost, Poor lit - tle Jack
 All o-ver the panes, Cold win - dow



Frost. I bite your fin - gers and make them smart,
 Frost. He's al - ways out in the bit - ter cold,
 panes. You'll find him wan - der - ing full of fun,



For you must know I've an i - cy heart, You'll know to your
 Ice King, his mas - ter's a fear - ful scold. Some-times he gets
 Draw-ing his pic - tures on ev - 'ry - one; Then wel - come Jack



cost, When you meet Jack Frost.
 lost, Poor lit - tle Jack Frost.
 Frost, Dear, mer - ry Jack Frost.

Sleep, Baby, Sleep

Anonymous

Old Song

136

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by a quarter rest, then a quarter note A4, and continues with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics 'Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Our cot-tage vale is' are aligned under the first staff. The second staff continues the melody with the lyrics 'deep, The lit - tle lamb is on the green, With'. The third staff concludes the melody with the lyrics 'snow-y fleece so soft and clean; Sleep, ba - by, sleep!'. The score ends with a double bar line.

Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Our cot-tage vale is
 deep, The lit - tle lamb is on the green, With
 snow-y fleece so soft and clean; Sleep, ba - by, sleep!

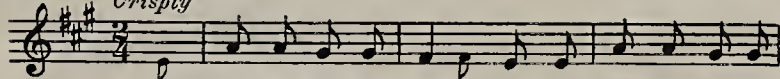
2. Sleep, baby, sleep!
 I would not, would not weep;
 The little lamb he never cries,
 And bright and happy are his eyes;
 Sleep, baby, sleep!
3. Sleep, baby, sleep!
 Near where the woodbines creep!
 Be always like the lamb so mild.
 A sweet, and kind, and gentle child;
 Sleep, baby, sleep!
4. Sleep, baby, sleep!
 Thy rest shall angels keep;
 While on the grass the lamb shall feed,
 And never suffer want or need;
 Sleep, baby, sleep!

The Daring Froggie

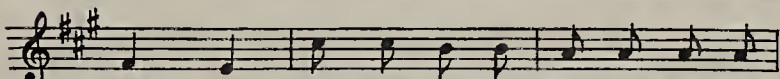
James Clarence Hawer

P. Geo. Marshall

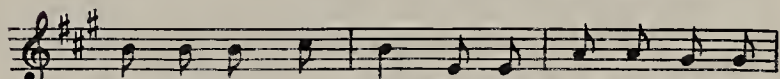
137

Crisply

Once up-on a time, On the bor-der of a
The lit-tle frog-gie sad to say, Was ver-y fond of
"I wish this would-n't bend so much," Said Frog-gie go-ing
So up he went re-gard-less Of the dan-ger he was



brook, A wick-ed lit-tle frog-gie, Who had
flies, And thought on this un-luck-y day, That
higher; "I wish that flies would shut their eyes And
in; He saw a duck be-low him, But he



nev-er read a book, Who had nev-er read a
he had found a prize. "Up, up I go," said
come a lit-tle nigher. But he is such a
did-n't care a pin: 'Till sud-den-ly, be-



stor-y Or a fun-ny lit-tle rhyme, Had a
Frog-gie, "I can climb as well as hop; I
good one, And he looks so ver-y fine, I
hind his back, The reed be-gan to crack, And



sad and trag-ic end-ing, Once up-on a time.
on-ly hope he'll stay right there Un-til I reach the top?
think that I must have him. For it's time for me to dine!"
all he heard was just one word, And that one word was "Quack!"

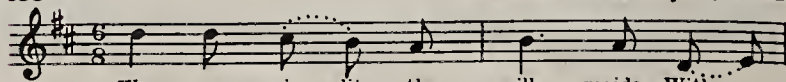
Six Little Milkmaids

Action Song for Girls

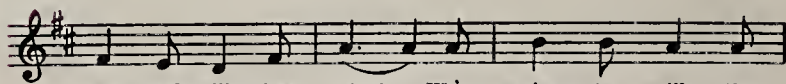
Rote

138

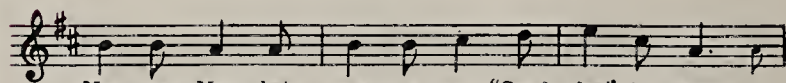
Words & Music by E. ROBB



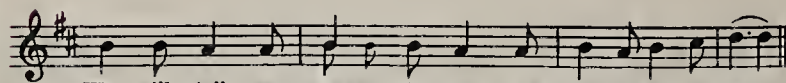
We are six lit - tle milk - maids, With a
In a love - ly old gar - den, some
Farm - er Giles, last Christ - mas, hung his



pail and milk - ing stool; We're going to milk the
wa - ter - mel - ons grew, And when they all were
stock - ing by the fire, And when he look'd at

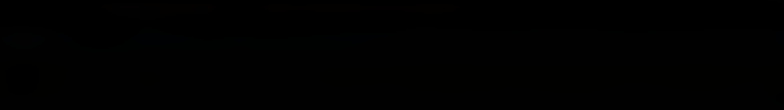
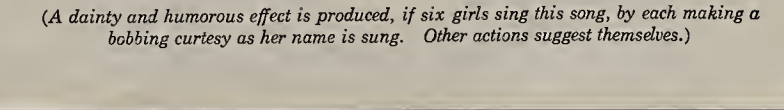
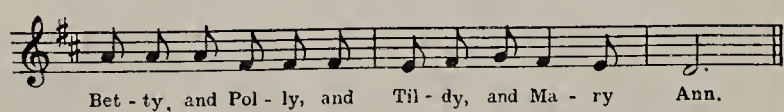
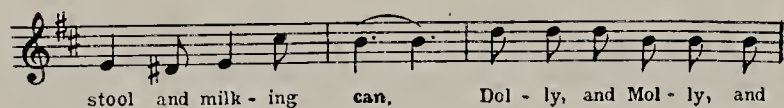
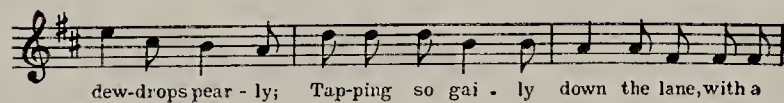
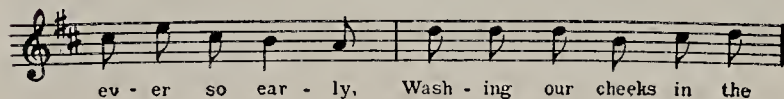
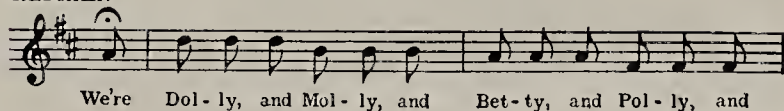


Moo - cow Moo, but ere we say "Good - day" to you,
nice and ripe, they dis - ap - peared one moon - light night, I
it next day, He found it stuffed up tight with hay,



We will tell our names to you. Tra la, tra la, tra la.
won - der who'd the big - gest bite. Tra la, tra la, tra la.
Who a trick so naugh - ty could play? Tra la, tra la, tra la.

REFRAIN



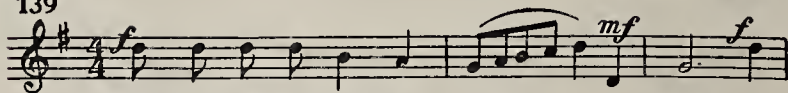
(A dainty and humorous effect is produced, if six girls sing this song, by each making a bobbing curtesy as her name is sung. Other actions suggest themselves.)

Where Do They Go?

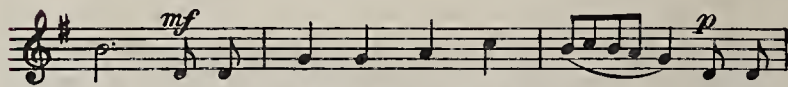
Selected

P. Geo. Marshall

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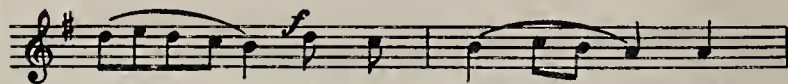
1. Where do all the dai - sies go? _____ I know, I
 2. Where do all the bird - ies go? _____ I know, I



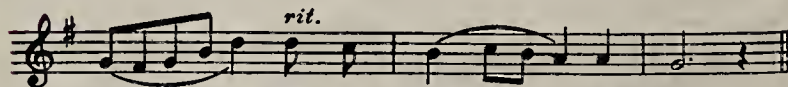
know! Un - der - neath the snow they creep, _____ Nod their
 know! Far a - way from win - ter's snow, _____ To the



lit - tle heads and sleep; _____ In the spring-time out they
 fair, warm South they go, _____ There they stay till dai - sies



peep. _____ That is where _____ they
 blow. _____ That is where _____ they



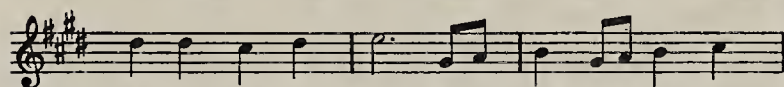
go, _____ That is where _____ they go.
 go, _____ That is where _____ they go.

The Winter Time is Here

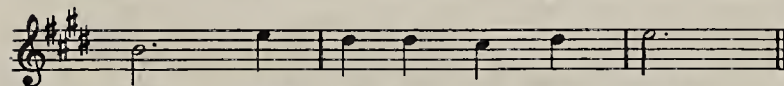
140

Quickly

The win - ter time is here, The

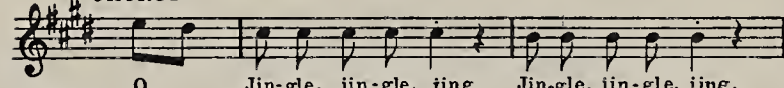


mer - ry win - ter time, When sleigh bells jing - ling



clear, With hap - py voi - ces chime.

CHORUS



O Jin - gle, jin - gle, jing, Jin - gle, jin - gle, jing,



Jing, jing, jing, jing, Jin - gle go the bells, O



Jin - gle, jin - gle, jing, Jin - gle, jin - gle, jing,



Jing, jing, jing, jing, jing, go the bells.

2

Bring out the bay and roan,
And soon away we'll go,
With all our hearts in tune,
Swift o'er the trackless snow.
O Jingle, etc.

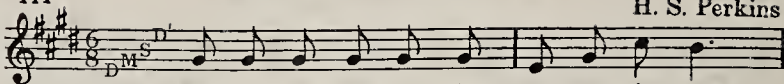
3

With Katy, Jane and Nell,
And merry laugh, ha, ha!
And Charley, John and Will,
There'll be enough, ha, ha!
O Jingle, etc.

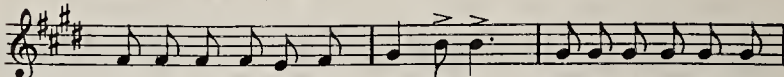
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Merrily Over the Snow

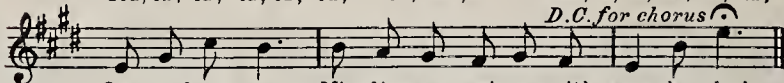
H. S. Perkins



Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly o - ver the snow,
CHORUS Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,



Danc-ing and pranc-ing a - long, ha, ha! Cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly,
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, ha, ha! Tra, la, la, la, la, la,



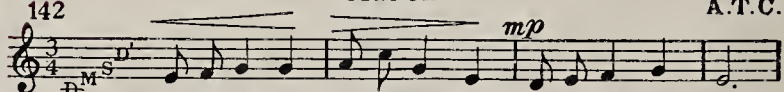
On-ward we go, Mingling our voi-ces with song, ha, ha!
la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, ha, ha!

2. Galloping, skipping, the noble steed flies,
Mane flying free as we go, ha, ha!
Nothing more healthful than clear northern skies,
Galloping over the snow, ha, ha!

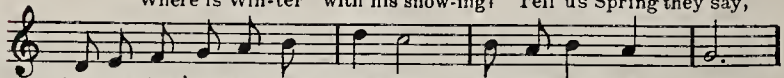
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March

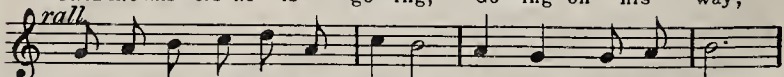
A.T.C.



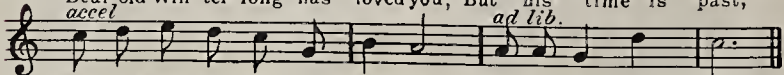
In the snow-ing, In the blow-ing, In the cru-el sleet,
"Where is Win-ter with his snow-ing? Tell us Spring" they say,



Lit-tle flow'rs begin their grow-ing, Far be-neath our feet.
Then she answers he is go-ing, Go-ing on his way;



Soft-ly calls the spring so clear-ly, "Dar-lings are you here?"
Dear, old Win-ter long has loved you, But his time is past,



Till they ans-wer we are near-ly, Near-ly read-y dear
Soon my birds shall sing a - bove you, Set you free at last.

Jolly Old Fellow

Unknown

143

There's a jol - ly old fel-low whose hair is all white, Whose

bright lit-tle eyes are blue, And when he is call-ing on

CHO.

[illegible]

Christ-mas night, Per - haps he'll call up-on you; He

[illegible]

car-ries a bag-ful of can-dies and toys, And

leaves them where-er he goes, For good lit-tle girls and

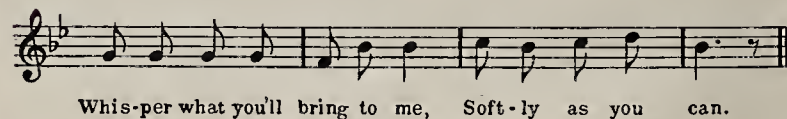
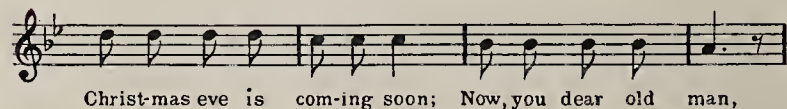
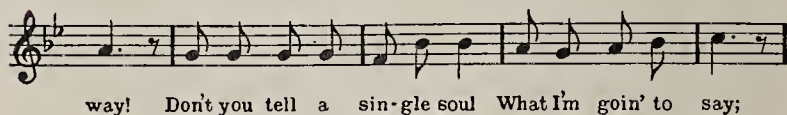
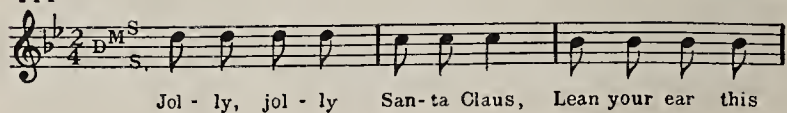
good lit - tle boys, So hang up your pret-ty white hose.

2. His cheeks are as rosy as red cherries ripe;
His nose is as red as can be;
Sometimes you may catch a whiff from his pipe,
But his face you seldom can see.
3. This jolly old man has a jolly old name,
You can guess what it is, no doubt,
He creeps down the chimney as still as a mouse,
And then, just as quietly, jumps out.

Jolly Santa Claus

Old Song

144



2

When the clock is striking twelve,
 When I'm fast asleep,
 Down the narrow chimney flue
 With your pack you'll creep,
 Soon you'll find the stockings there,
 Hanging in a row;
 Mine will be the shortest one,
 Mended at the toe.

3

Johnny wants a choo-choo train,
 Susy wants a sled,
 Nelly wants a box of paints,
 Yellow, blue and red;
 Now I think I'll leave to you
 What to give the rest;
 Choose for me, dear Santa Claus,
 You will know the best.

Round

White Sand and Grey Sand

145

1 White sand and grey sand.

2 Who'll buy my white sand?

3 Who'll buy my grey sand?

Detailed description: This is a three-part round in 2/2 time. Part 1 starts on a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of four measures: a half note on G4, a half note on A4, a half note on B4, and a half note on C5. Part 2 enters in the second measure, with a melody of: a half note on G4, a half note on A4, a half note on B4, and a half note on C5. Part 3 enters in the third measure, with a melody of: a half note on G4, a half note on A4, a half note on B4, and a half note on C5. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Round

May God Bless

146

1 May God bless

2 all friends here, A

3 mer - ry, mer - ry, Christ - mas and a

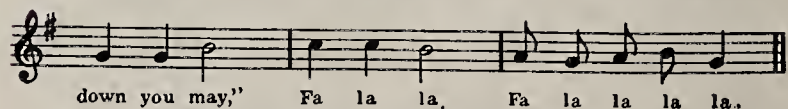
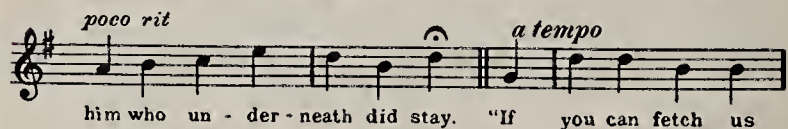
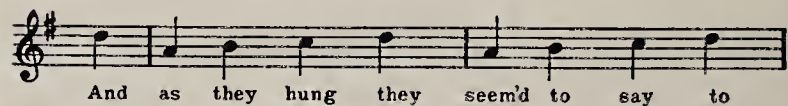
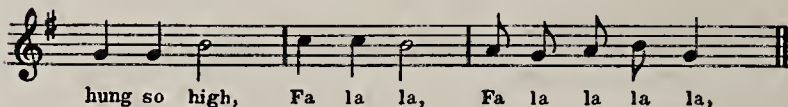
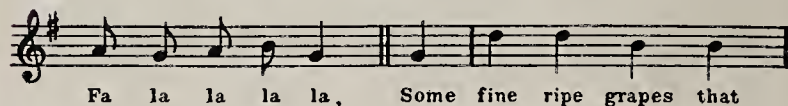
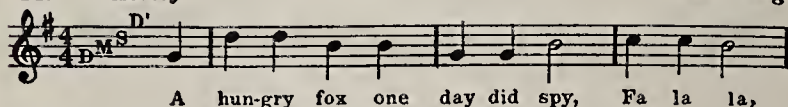
4 hap - py New Year.

Detailed description: This is a four-part round in 4/4 time. Part 1 starts on a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of four measures: a half note on G4, a half note on A4, a half note on B4, and a half note on C5. Part 2 enters in the second measure, with a melody of: a half note on G4, a half note on A4, a half note on B4, and a half note on C5. Part 3 enters in the third measure, with a melody of: a half note on G4, a half note on A4, a half note on B4, and a half note on C5. Part 4 enters in the fourth measure, with a melody of: a half note on G4, a half note on A4, a half note on B4, and a half note on C5. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

The Fox and the Grapes

147 *Lively*

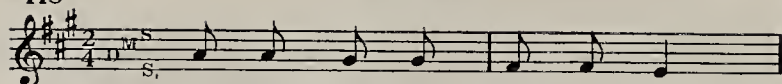
Old Song



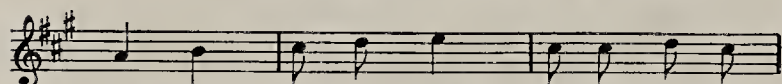
2 The fox his patience nearly lost,
 Fa la la, Fa la la la la,
 With expectation baulk'd and cross'd,
 Fa la la, Fa la la la la,
 He tried his best for nearly an hour,
 But found the fruit beyond his pow'r,
 And then he said the grapes were sour;
 Fa la la, Fa la la la la.

Pony Kate

148



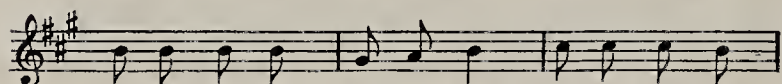
O'er the rough and ston - y road,



Jog, Kate, jog a - long; Not too heav - y



is your load, Jog, Kate, jog a - long,



Aft - er yon - der hill we pass, By the pool as



smooth as glass, You shall nip the



ten - der grass; Jog, Kate, jog a - long.

2

Summer, Winter, Fall or Spring,
Jog, Kate, jog along;
While your praises I will sing,
Jog, Kate, jog along.
Tossing mane, so smooth and trim,
Lightly lifting feet so slim;
Sure of hoof and strong of limb,
Jog, Kate, jog along.

3

Thro' the quiet ways of life,
Jog, Kate, jog along;
Shun with me the scenes of strife,
Jog, Kate, jog along.
In and out the shady lane,
Thro' the wood and o'er the plain,
Up the hill and down again,
Jog, Kate, jog along.

Have You Seen My Daffodils?

Rote Song

Vera E. Russell

F. G. Russell

149 *sprightly*

Have you seen my daf - fo - dils, Grow - ing in the
 Let's go gath - ring daf - fo - dils, Down the love - ly

mead - ow? Sun - beams bright with their light,
 mead - ow, Ere the twi - light cov - ers all,

Make a gold - en shad - ow. With my daf - fo -
 With its deep - 'ning shad - ow, If you'll fol - low

dils I play Hide and seek most ev - 'ry day,
 we will go To a hid - ing place I know,

Sun - beams steal - ing thro' the trees,
 There the dew - kiss'd beau - ties sleep, With

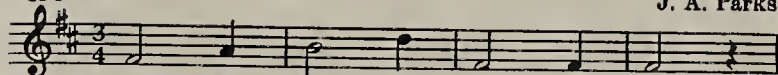
rit.

Danc - ing light - ly in the breeze.
 droop - ing heads till dawn's first peep.

Up in Santa Land

150

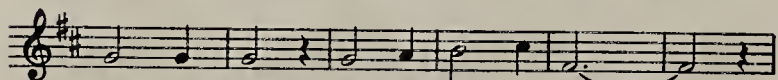
J. A. Parks



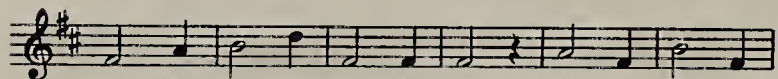
Chil - dren, would you like to go,
San - ta feeds us can - dy sweet,



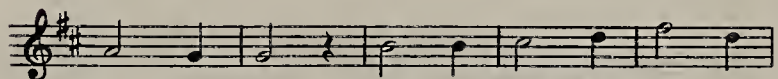
Up to San - ta Land? Where the Christ - mas
Up in San - ta Land, Makes us grow so



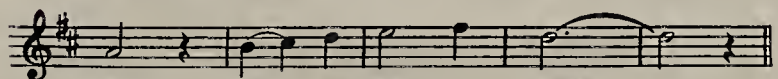
dol - lies grow, Up in San - ta Land?
plump and neat. Up in San - ta Land.



If we did not 'twould be queer, For 'tis Christ - mas
Pinch - es all our cheeks you know, Till the mer - ry



all the year, For 'tis Christ - mas all the
dim - ples grow, Till the mer - ry dim - ples



year, Up in San - ta Land.
grow. Up in San - ta Land.

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Baby Seed Song

E. Nesbit

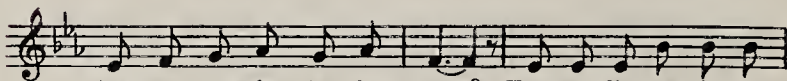
151

Moderato

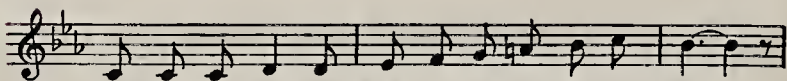
P. Geo. Marshall



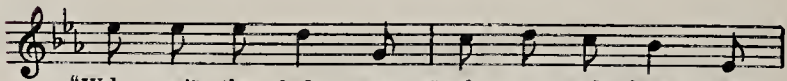
Lit - tle brown broth-er, oh! lit - tle brown broth - er,
 Lit - tle brown broth-er, oh! lit - tle brown broth - er,



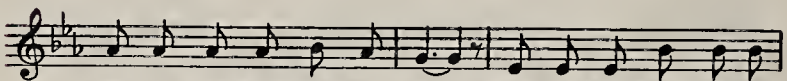
Are you a-wake in the dark? Here we lie cos - i - ly,
 What kind of flow'r will you be? I'll be a pop - py all



close to each oth - er; Hark to the song of the lark.
 white, like my moth-er; Do be a pop - py like me.



"Wak - en!" the lark says, "wak - en and dress you;
 What! you're a sun - flow'r! How I shall miss you



Put on your green coats and gay, Blue sky will shine on you,
 When you're grown gold - en and high! But I shall send all the



sun-shine ca - res you, Wak-en! 'tis morn - ing 'tis May!"
 bees up to kiss you; Lit - tle brown broth-er, good - bye.

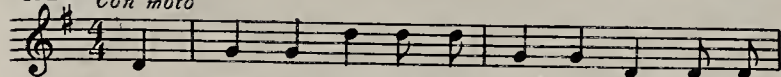
Growing

Selected

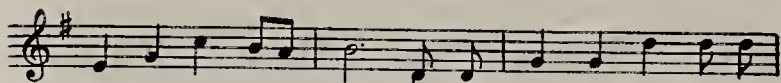
152

Con moto

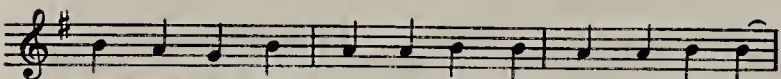
P. Geo. Marshall



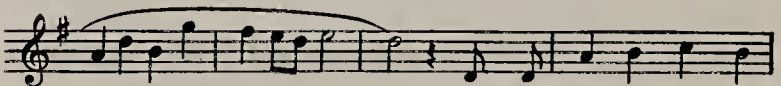
A lit - tle rain and a lit - tle sun, And a
A lit - tle work and a lit - tle play And



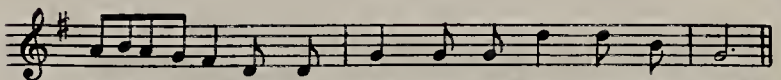
lit - tle pear - ly dew, And a push - ing up, and a
lots of qui - et sleep; A cheer - ful heart, and a



reach - ing out, Then leaves and ten - drills all a - bout, Ah
sun - ny face, And les - sons learn'd and things in place; Ah



_____ that's the way the flow - ers
_____ that's the way the child - ren



grow. Don't you know? Don't you know? Don't you know?
grow. Don't you know? Don't you know? Don't you know?

Words by Marion Doyle

April Rain

Old French Song

153 *Brightly*

Musical score for 'April Rain' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. It includes a 'D' (Da Capo) and 'S' (Segue) marking. The lyrics are: 'Pit-ter! Pat-ter! drops of rain Dancing on the window pane! Pit-ter! Pat-ter! tinkling sound As they mad-ly whirl a-round;'. The second staff continues the melody with lyrics: 'Sometimes fast and sometimes slow, Up and down the glass they go. Pit-ter! Pat-ter! sud-den change, To a tem-po low and strange.'. The third staff concludes the piece with lyrics: 'Mak-ing mu-sic oh, so sweet, With the pat-ter of their feet. See the rain-bow jew-els shine, On crystal slip-pers beat-ing time.'. Performance markings include 'rit.' (ritardando) and 'a tempo' (return to original tempo).

Florence Hoare

The Dreamland

Brahms

154 *Quickly*

Musical score for 'The Dreamland' in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: 'I know a fair - y land, — I know a fair - y I know a fair - y shore, — I know a fair - y I know a fair - y realm, — I know a fair - y'. The second staff continues with lyrics: 'land, A fair - y land where gold is cheap, And shore, A fair - y shore where young folks rule, And realm, A fair - y realm where girls and boys, Are'. The third staff continues with lyrics: 'li - ons are as tame as sheep, Where toys grow on the no one needs to go to school, Where ev - 'ry storm one al - ways good and make no noise, So far a - way it'. The fourth staff concludes the piece with lyrics: 'trees, — And ev - 'ry one says "please!" meets, — Rains su - gar cakes and sweets. seems, — It is the land of dreams.'. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings.

Birds' Ball

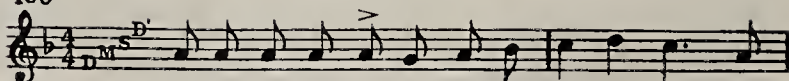
155 *Merrily*

The Spring once said to the Night-in - gale, "I
mean to give you birds a ball, Pray mad-am, ask the
CHORUS
birdies all, The birds and birdies great and small, Tra la, la, la, la, la,
Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la,
Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la.

2. Then soon they came from bush and tree,
Singing sweet their songs of glee,
Each one fresh from its cosy nest,
Each one dress'd in its Sunday best. - Tra la la, etc.
3. The cuckoo and wren they danced for life,
The raven waltzed with the yellow-bird's wife,
The awkward owl and the bashful jay,
Wished each other "a very good day." - Tra la la, etc.
4. The woodpecker came from his hole in the tree,
And brought his bill to the company,
For the cherries ripe, and the berries red;
'Twas a very long bill; so the birdies said. - Tra la la, etc.
5. They danced all day till the sun was low,
Till the mother birds prepared to go;
Then one and all, both great and small,
Flew to their nests from "the birdies' ball." - Tra la la, etc.

The Clacker

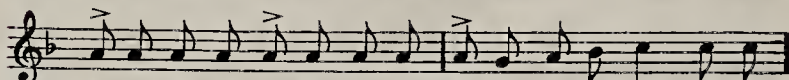
156



Springtime brings the rob-in and the blue-bird home, The

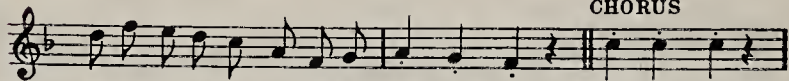


hap-py lit-tle swal-low knows his hour to come; But



not a bird is tru-er to his time of com-ing back Than the

CHORUS



jol-ly lit-tle clacker with his clack, clack, clack, Click, click, click,



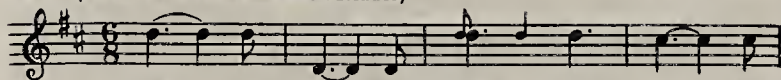
Clack, clack, clack, Jol-ly lit-tle clack-er with your clack, clack, clack.

2. Blue-bird and the swallow from the sweet south rove,
The robin leaves his quarters in the deep pine grove;
I know from whence they started on the happy homeward track,
But where, all the winter sleeping, stays the clack, clack, clack?
3. Move your nimble fingers in the brisk quick way,
Some people could not do it if they tried all day;
They'd all make first-rate clackers if they only knew the knack,
And then they'd come and join us in our clack, clack, clack.

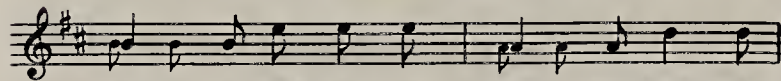
How the Wind Blows

157 (From Ontario Second Book Reader)

Mary Schilz



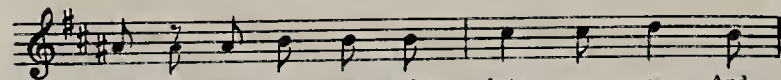
1. High and low The Spring winds blow! They
 2. High and low The Sum-mer winds blow! They
 3. High and low The Au-tumn winds blow! They
 4. High and low The Win-ter winds blow! They



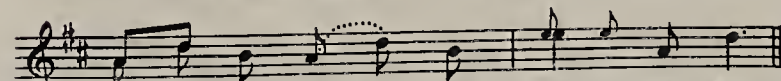
take the kites that the boys have made, And
 dance and play with the gar-den flow'rs And
 fright-en the bees and the blos-soms a-way, And
 fill the hol-lows with drifts of snow, And



car-ry them off high in-to the air; They
 bend the grass-es and yel-low grain; And
 whirl the dry leaves o-ver the ground; They
 sweep on the hills a path-way clear; They



snatch the lit-tle girls' hats a-way, And
 rock the bird in her hang-ing nest, And
 shake the branch-es of all the trees, And
 hur-ry the chil-dren a-long to school, And

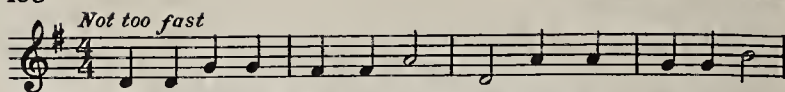


toss and tan-gle their flow-ing hair.
 dash the rain on the win-dow pane.
 scat-ter ripe nuts and ap-ples a-round.
 whis-tle a song for a hap-py New Year.

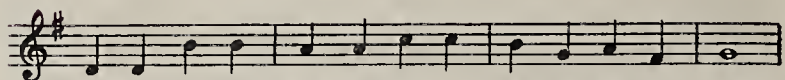
A. B. C. Song

158

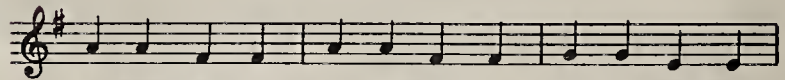
Thomas J. Crawford



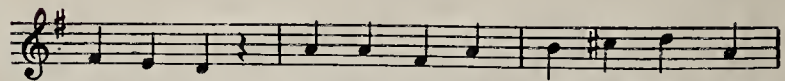
Lit - tle chil-dren such as we,— must learn our A. B. C.
 Lit - tle chil-dren now you see,— who know their A. B. C.



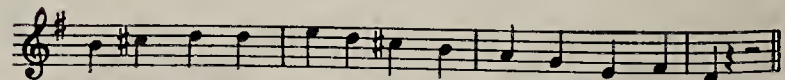
For we're cer-tain you'll a-gree, it is the prop-er thing.
 For we're cer-tain you'll a-gree, we did it ver-y well.



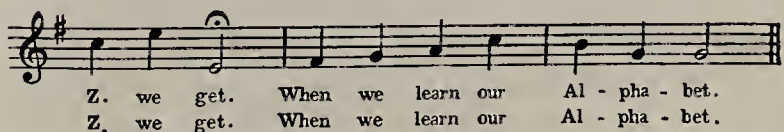
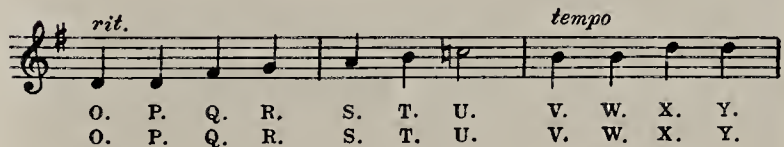
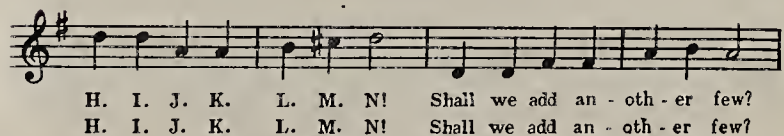
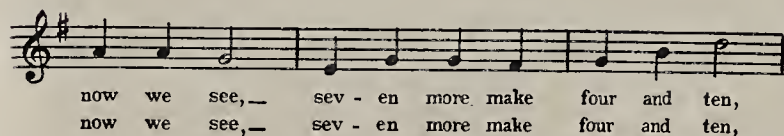
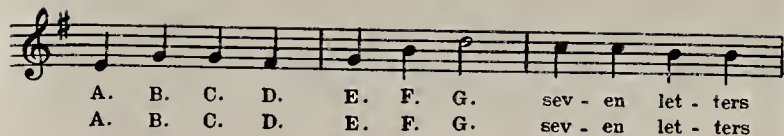
It would nev - er do to shirk it, or we could-n't
 So we're quite con - tent and hap - py, for it's al - most



read or write, So our let - ters let us learn them
 time for play, But once more we will re - peat them



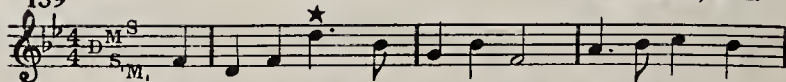
And we'll try and see if we can say them througha - right.
 To make sure that we all know our let - ters off by heart.



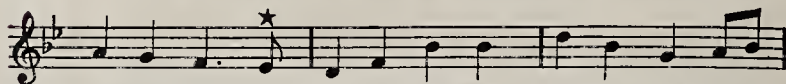
The Maple Leaf

Words and Music by
Alex. Muir, B.A.

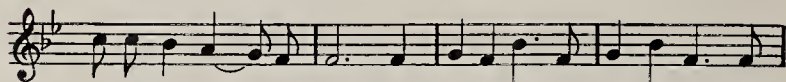
159



In days of yore the he-ro Wolfe, Bri-tain's glo-ry



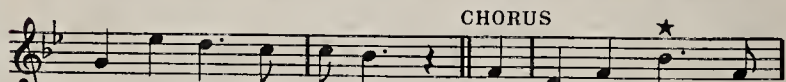
did main-tain, And plant-ed firm Bri - tan-nia's flag, On



Can-a-da's fair do-main, Here may it wave, our boast, our pride, And



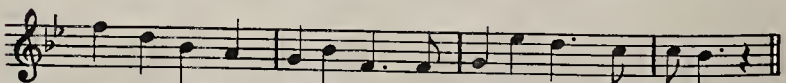
joined in love to-gether, With Li-ly, This-tle, Shamrock, Rose, The



Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er. The Ma-ple Leaf our



em-blem dear, The Ma-ple Leaf for-ev-er! God



save our King, and hea-ven bless The Ma-ple leaf for-ev-er.

(As the notes marked * are sometimes sung incorrectly they may require special attention.)

The Maple Leaf (Concluded)

2.

On many hard-fought battle-fields,
Our brave fathers side by side,
For freedom, homes, and loved ones dear,
Firmly stood and nobly died,
And those dear rights which they maintained,
We swear to yield them never!
We'll rally round the Union Jack,
The Maple Leaf forever.

3.

God bless our loved Canadian home,
Our Dominion's vast domain,
May plenty ever be our lot,
And peace hold endless reign,
Our Union bound by ties of love,
That discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf forever.

4.

On merry England's far-famed land,
May kind heaven sweetly smile,
God bless old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle!
Then swell the song both loud and long,
Till rocks and forests quiver,
God save our King and heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever.

160

Golden Slumbers

Traditional

Tune "May Fair" 17th Century

1. Gold - en slum - bers kiss your eyes, Smiles a - wake you
 2. Care you know not, there - fore sleep, While I o'er you

when you rise. Sleep, pret - ty darl - ings, do not cry, And
 watch do keep.

I will sing a lul - la - by, lul - la - by,

ritard
 lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

A Christmas Carol

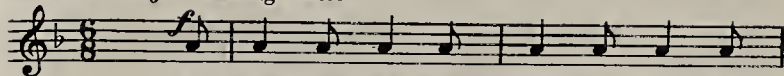
161

High the Christ - mas bells are ring - ing,
 Hark! they bring a heavh - ly greet - ing,

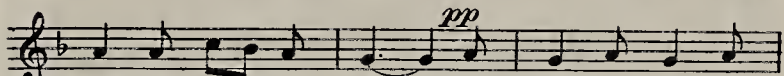
"Joy for all and hap - py times" "Cling - a - ling - a -
 "Peace on earth, good - will to men" "Cling - a - ling - a -

ling?" they're ring - ing; Cling - a - ling - a - ling, Sweet Chimes.
 ling?" they're ring - ing; Cling - a - ling - a - ling, a - gain.

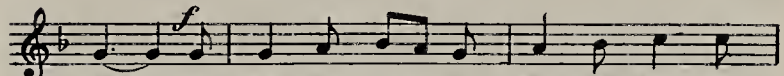
The Bugle Horn

162 *Briskly.. Beating twice*

1. A - cross the lake, Through bush and brake, Re -
 2. The sky is clear, The flow'rs ap - pear On
 3. The ech - oes flow As on we go, Through



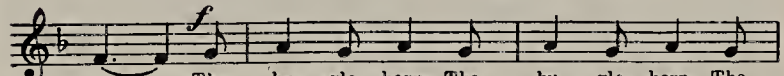
sounds the bu - gle horn, Re - sounds the bu - gle
 ev' - ry side so gay, On ev' - ry side so
 for - est, vale and lawn, Through for - est, vale and



horn, O'er hill and vale the ech - oes sail, And
 gay, The brook flows by so mer - ri - ly, A -
 lawn, And far and near a - gain we hear The



through the wav - ing corn, And through the wav - ing
 long its peb - bly way, A - long its peb - bly
 wind - ing bu - gle horn, The wind - ing bu - gle



corn. The bu - gle horn, The bu - gle horn, The
 way.
 horn.



wind - ing bu - gle horn.

There Stands a Little Man

Translated by Constance Bache Rote Song

Humperdinck

163

There stands a lit-tle man in the wood a-lone, He
His hair is all of gold and his cheeks are red, He
wears a lit-tle man-tle of vel-vet brown,
wears a lit-tle black cap up-on his head,
Say who can the man-kin be, Stand-ing there be-neath the tree,
Say who can the man-kin be, Stand-ing there so si-lent-ly,
With his lit-tle man-tle of vel-vet brown?
With his lit-tle black cap up-on his head?

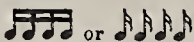
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London, W. I.

Introducing Quarter Beats

Ta fa te fe

164

Sixteenth Notes



Taa taa tai taa-aa Taa ta fa te fe taa-aa
Taa taa tai taa ta fa te fe Taa taa tai taa-aa Taa taa tai taa ta fa te fe
Taa taa tai taa-aa Taa taa tai taa ta fa te fe Taa taa taa-aa

The Huntsman

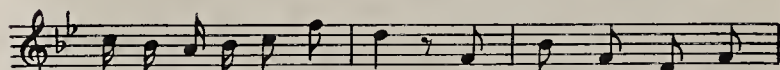
165

Brightly

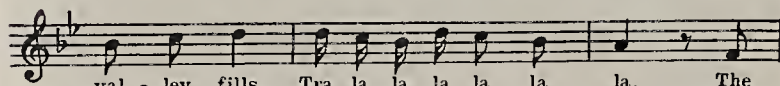
A. T. Cringan



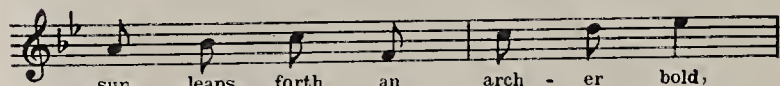
1. The sun - shine gilds the lof - ty hills,
2. Where tor - rents lash the moun - tain sides,
3. The mu - sic of the hunt - er's horn,



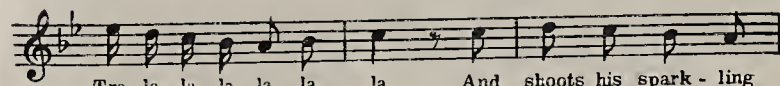
Tra la la la la la la. Its crim - son glow the
 Tra la la la la la la. The gal - lant hunt - er
 Tra la la la la la la. Rings through the air at



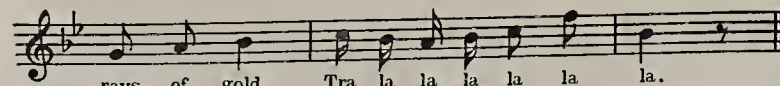
val - ley fills, Tra la la la la la la, The
 bold - ly rides, Tra la la la la la la, How
 break of morn, Tra la la la la la la, How



sun leaps forth an arch - er bold,
 sure his aim, how true his sight,
 bold and gay, how free from fear,



Tra la la la la la la. And shoots his spark - ling
 Tra la la la la la la. His ar - rows swift as
 Tra la la la la la la. O'er crag and moor he



rays of gold, Tra la la la la la la.
 rays of light, Tra la la la la la la.
 hunts the deer, Tra la la la la la la.

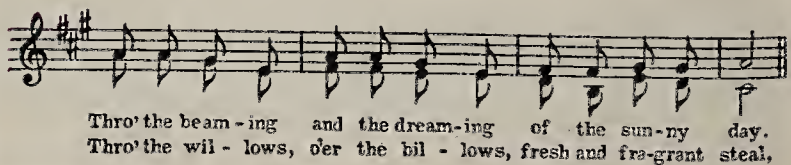
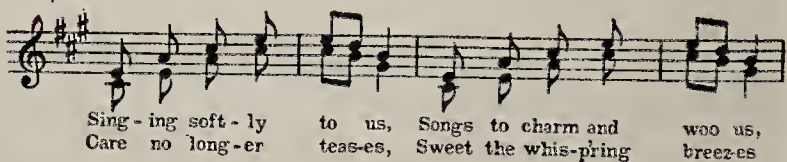
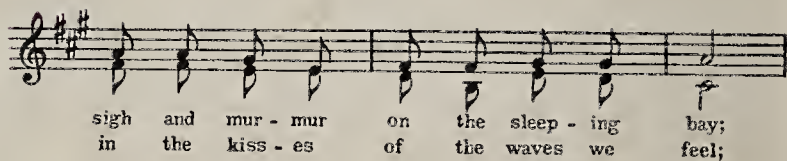
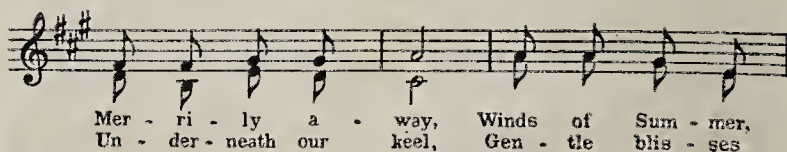
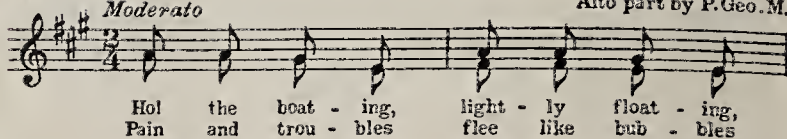
Ho! the Boating

166

Moderato

Dr. L. Mason

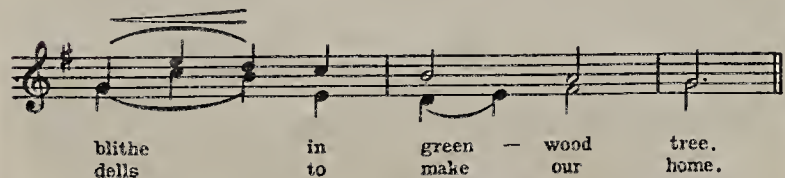
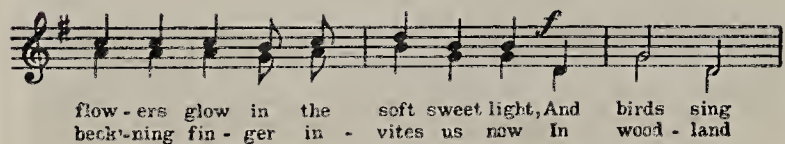
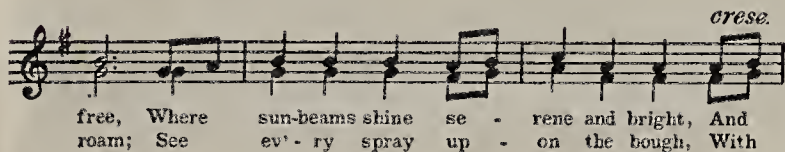
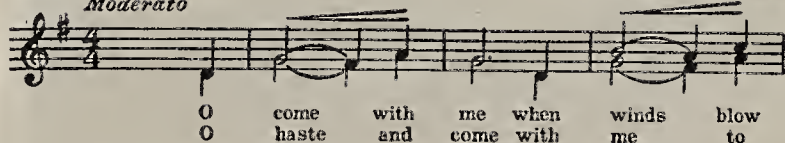
Alto part by P. Geo. M.



O Come With Me

German Folk Song

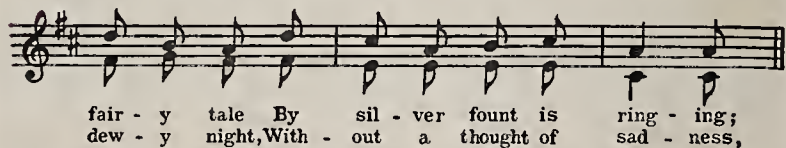
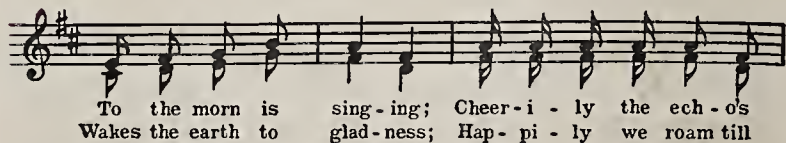
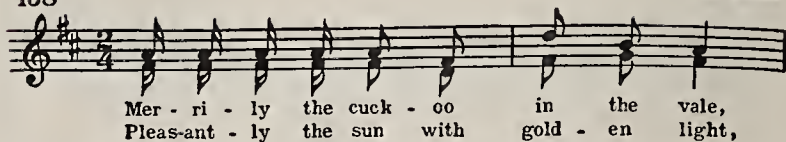
167

Moderato

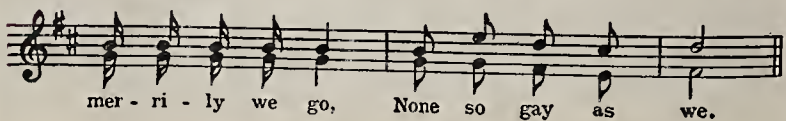
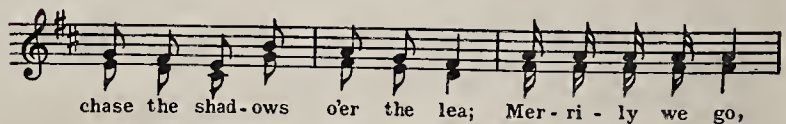
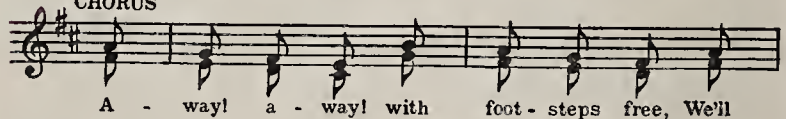
Merrily the Cuckoo

168

C. G. Allen



CHORUS



Sun Shower

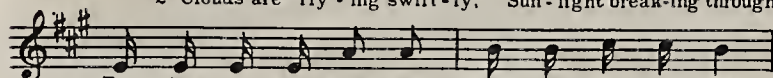
169

Brightly

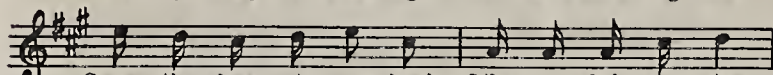
T. W. Dennington



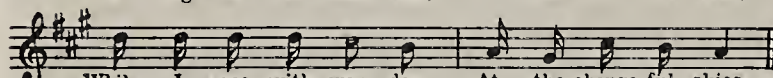
1 Spark-ling in the sun-light, Danc-ing on the hills,
2 Clouds are fly-ing swift-ly. Sun-light break-ing through,



Tap-ping at my win-dow, Sing-ing in the rills;
Ev'-ry-thing is shin-ing, As with morn-ing dew;



Comes the pleas-ant sun show'r, Like a glad sur-prise,
Fall-ing on the moun-tain, In the fer-tile vale,

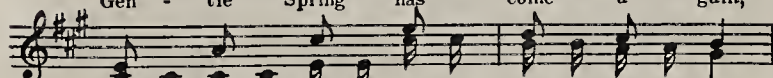


While I gaze with won-der At the change-ful skies.
Giv-ing joy and glad-ness, Comes the gen-tle rain.

CHORUS Pat-ter, pat-ter hear the rain,



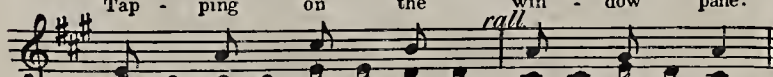
Pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, Lis-ten to the rain,
Gen-tle Spring has come a gain,



Pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, Spring has come a-gain,
Pat-ter, pat-ter, soft re-frain,



Pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, Hear the soft re-frain,
Tap-ping on the win-dow pane.



Tap-ping, tap-ping, tap-ping, tap-ping on the win-dow pane.

Pretty Little Spring Flower

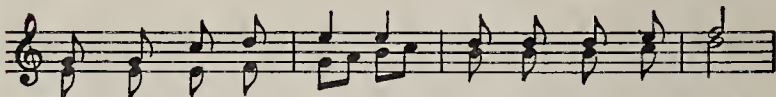
170

Brightly

Pret - ty lit - tle Spring flow'r, Wak - ing from your sleep,
 Lit - tle ferns and grass - es, All so green and bright,
 Dar - ling lit - tle warb - ler, Com - ing in the Spring,



Love - ly lit - tle blos - som, Just a - bout to peep:
 Pur - ple clo - ver nod - ding, Dais - ies fresh and bright;
 Would you know the rea - son Why you love to sing?



Would you know the rea - son All the world is gay?
 Would you know the rea - son All the world is gay?
 Hear the mer - ry chil - dren shout - ing as they play:

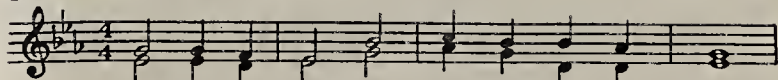


Lis - ten to the night - in - gale Tell - ing you 'tis May.
 Lis - ten to the night - in - gale Tell - ing you 'tis May.
 Lis - ten to the night - in - gale Tell - ing you 'tis May.

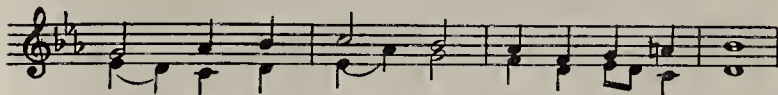
Abide With Me

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE

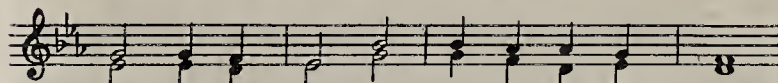
171



A - bide with me! fast falls the ev - en - tide;
Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;



The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord with me a - bide!
Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;



When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;



Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!

I need Thy Presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me!

A. J. Foxwell

Dame Swallow

172

Brightly

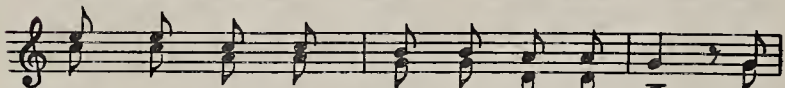
F. Link



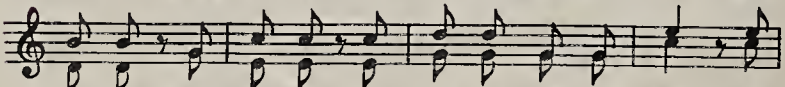
Dame swal - low is a chat - ter - box, She
 She gos - sips with the birds a - round, And
 In au - tumn time, to yon - der roof With
 They ought to set - tle plans of flight To



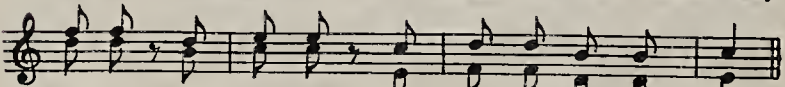
prat - tles all day long; Wher - ev - er neigh-bours
 boasts a - bout her nest— No oth - er home like
 friends she will re - pair; And soon the sound will
 hap - py south - ern clime, But such a clat - ter



meet in flocks She loves to join the throng; She
 hers is found, Her mate, her eggs are best. She
 give a proof That rat - tle tongues are there! They
 stops them quite, They on - ly waste the time. They



twit - ters, she chat - ters, In tat - tle and in song, She
 twit - ters, she chat - ters. And nev - er seems to rest, She
 twit - ter, they chat - ter, And all will have a share, They
 twit - ter, they chat - ter, In one un - bro - ken chime. They



twit - ters, she chat - ters, In tat - tle and in song.
 twit - ters, she chat - ters, And nev - er seems to rest.
 twit - ter, they chat - ter, And all will have a share.
 twit - ter, they chat - ter, In one un - bro - ken chime.

Round

A Boat, a Boat

173

1 A boat, a boat, and to the fer - ry ,

2 And we'll go down and there be mer - ry ,

3 To laugh, and dance, and sing, down Der - ry .

Detailed description: This is a three-part round musical score for the song 'A Boat, a Boat'. It is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The first part (labeled '1') starts on a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4. The second part (labeled '2') starts on a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of eighth notes: E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3, F#3, E3. The third part (labeled '3') starts on a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of eighth notes: D3, C3, B2, A2, G2, F#2, E2, D2. Each part ends with a fermata over the final note. The lyrics are written below each staff.

Keys and Key Signatures

174

♯ indicates the position of Doh

Key of C

Key of G

Key of D

Key of A

Key of E

Key of F

Key of Bb

Key of Eb

Key of Ab

Detailed description: This section shows nine musical staves, each representing a different key signature. Each staff is in treble clef and contains a single note on the first line (F4), which is labeled 'Doh' in the text above. The key signatures are: Key of C (no sharps or flats), Key of G (one sharp, F#), Key of D (two sharps, F# and C#), Key of A (three sharps, F#, C#, and G#), Key of E (four sharps, F#, C#, G#, and D#), Key of F (one flat, Bb), Key of Bb (two flats, Bb and Eb), Key of Eb (three flats, Bb, Eb, and Ab), and Key of Ab (four flats, Bb, Eb, Ab, and Db). The text '♯ indicates the position of Doh' is written above the first three staves.

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